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HORACE

TO

SCÆVA.





Horatius Flaccus (Quintus) [Epistolae - Parodies - English.]

HORACE

TO

S C Æ V A.

EPIST. XVII. BOOK I.

IMITATED.



Peccat ad extremum ridendus

L O N D O N :

Printed for JOHN BRINDLY at the *King's-Arms* in
New-Bond-Street. MDCCXXX.

HORACE

TO

SEC. A. V. A.

Epist. X. Book I



1811 F. D.



LONDON:

Printed for John Brindley at the King's Arms in
New-Bond-Street. MDCCCXX.



TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE
Lord *MALPAS*.

MY LORD,



If you've a Moment's Leisure,

When neither Business calls nor Pleasure,

Pray fling it for this once away,

And bear with Patience what I say.

And

*And yet I own it is not fair
 To ask the All you have to spare;
 And 'cause I write, as I have need,
 To argue thence, that You must read.
 But Men, who lay some Claim to Letters,
 Will grow familiar with their Betters:
 Inform 'em of their Lives and Fortunes,
 As Matters of most high Importance;
 Tell in dull Prose, or duller Rhime,
 When, where, and how they wast their Time.
 Walk much, ride little, plant and weed,
 Now and then write, and often read:
 Next What they read: Besure no Lessons,
 Which suit their Years, or their Professions,
 But Trifles, such as They wou'd chuse,
 Who hold, To live is to amuse.*

For Instance, I, who see Threescore
 With trembling Pace approach my Door,
 And whose Profession, Zealots say,
 Should only be to Preach, or Pray;
 Talmud apart, and its Translators;
 The Targums, and their Commentators;
 The Cabbala, and such like Weeds,
 As grew in Oriental Heads;
 A learned Dust, that puts out Eyes,
 And yet makes Some look wond'rous wise;
 Retain a Passion strong for Verse,
 Spite of my Calling, and my Years,
 And chequer Life with various Study,
 The Grave, and Gay; the Bright, and Muddy.
 For since (except the Week or two,
 I see the Court, My Lord, and You)

I lead

I lead a very Hermit's Life,
No Money, Company, nor Wife;
And daily bear, t'increase my Spleen,
This Man made Prebend, That a Dean;
And Others miter'd, who, I am told,
Are not more learned, nor so old.
How must my Spirits sink, shou'd I
Pore only on Divinity,
Assur'd I shall the less succeed,
The more I understand my Trade?
There are indeed foul Fiends, call'd Care,
Sour Discontent, and black Despair,
Which may, by banishing all Rest
From a sick disappointed Breast,
With frenzy Fire, and turn my Head,
And then no Matter what I read.

But

But 'till I feel that gloomy Day,
I'll be as chearful as I may;
Nor feed so much on heavy Ware,
As not to taste of lighter Fare.
And who, like Horace, to dispel
The Clouds that low'r around my Cell?
To Him as to a well-try'd Friend,
I fly for Succour, to unbend;
I read him, and I imitate him,
Or paraphrase him, or translate him;
*Ay do, he cries *, but not Verbatim.*
He says too, what I'm glad to know,
That Homer's Thoughts so far outgo

* Nec Verbum Verbo curabis reddere fidus
 Interpres. -----
 Qui quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non
 Plenus, ac melius Chryippo, & Crantore dicit. *Ep. 2. l. 1.*

The paltry Notions of the Schools,
Chryſip and Crantor are but Fools.
Nay, He himſelf does Doctrines teach
As good, as Some of Us can preach;
And whenceſoever riſe his Texts,
His every Sermon more corrects
The reigning Vices of the Times,
Than fifty Henly's with their Chimes.

As t'other Day, lazy and liſtleſs,
I dipp'd, and open'd his Epistles,
I happen'd, as I wiſh'd, to hit
The Letter he to Scæva writ.
And tho' of late apply'd much better
By one great Genius to a Greater,*

* Mr. D. to Sir R. W.

(II)

It thence seem'd safe from Profanation

By any meaner Application:

Yet Thought to All alike is free,

And wou'd apply the same to Me:

Shew where it points, and how each Line,

In plainer English must be Mine.

And where's th' Offence? for who can say

Good Pictures, which look every way,

Because they've ey'd a Person nobler,

Can therefore never eye a Cobler?

Or, that 'tis hard to cut the Dress

Of a large Body to a less?

Besides th' Epistle gives a Reason,

Why I shou'd make a special Seizin;

For being to one Scæva wrote,
B——y, that Critick of great Note,
Will read it, Sæve, and declare
It construes Savage to a Hair:
And therefore without more Apology
I thus pursue his Heterology.



HORACE



H O R A C E

T O

S C Æ V A, &c.



SAVAGE, I blame not your Ambition,

Of pleasing Men in high Condition;

Am glad, you're known to many a Peer,

Can whisper in his *Grace's* Ear;

Quamvis, Sæve, satis Tibi per Te consulis, & scis
Quo tandem pacto deceat majoribus uti;

Catch

Catch *en passant* a Smile, nay prate

Sometimes to Ministers of State,

And in the Circle know your How

To watch the Look, and make your Bow.

For hence with Lords you often dine,

And eat choice Meats, and drink good Wine.

But if a Dinner's all you earn,

Believe me, you have still to learn

The useful Part. So, pray attend

To the kind Counfel of a Friend;

Tho' he shoots blindfold, who can tell,

If He that sees, will hit as well;

Or I mayn't lay some Lessons down,

You will be glad to make your Own?

Disce, docendus adhuc, quæ censet amicus; ut si
Cæcus iter monstrare velit, tamen aspice, si quid
Et nos, quod cures proprium fecisse, loquamur.

First

First then, I never must suppose,
 You study only your Repose;
 Or that a Countrey Life can please ye,
 Merely, because you there sleep easy;
 For that the Noise of Carts and Coaches,
 The Morning Cries, and Night Debauches
 Disturb so much; you should be undone,
 Were you to lie a Week in *London*.
 If that be fix'd as your Opinion,
 Your Parish be your sole Dominion:
 Live there, unheeded, and forgot all,
 And die the helpless Clot of *Clothall**.

* *Parish of Clothall in Hertfordshire.*

Si Te grata quies, & primam somnus in horam
 Delectat; si Te pulvis strepitusque rotarum,
 Si lædit *Caupona*, *Ferentinum* ire jubebo.

With

With this cold, empty Consolation,
 Not all the flock Divines in Fashion,
 Who preach at Court, or live in Town,
 Are the most learned of the Gown;
 A Countrey Curate may know more,
 And study harder; but he's poor;
 So forc'd his little Flock t'attend
 Thro' Modesty, or want of Friend,
 Or what turns heavily to his 'count,
 Scorn'd by the *Bishop*, and the *Viscount*,
 He has not Pow'r, nor Means to rise,
 But on his Dung-hill lives and dies:
 Who, if prefer'd, might have shone brighter,
 Than many a Head that wore a Mitre.

Nam neque Divitibus contingunt gaudia solis,
 Nec vixit malè, qui natus, moriensque fefellit.

Fine

Fine Comfort this! For one like you;
 That's form'd, for ev'ry Shape and Hue;
 Has seen the World, and talk'd as free;
 With Sov'reign Princes, as with Me:
 Has still push'd forward, spar'd no Pain;
 Nor lost, but what he could not gain;
 Nor ever, till his strength was spent,
 Embrac'd his Lot, and cry'd *Content*.

There are indeed, as Authors tell us;
 Some Animals call'd Senior-Fellows.
 Urge one of These to go to Court;
 He hates a Place of such Resort;
 "What, Crowd, he cries, from twelve to two;
 "With Multitudes, one knows not who?

Omnis Aristippum decuit color, & status, & res;
 Tentantem majora, fere præsentiis æquum.
 Contra, quem duplici panno patientia velat;

" Then circling round, God bless the King,

" Who stands not in the inmost Ring,

" Must be, at least, some six Foot high,

" Or never catch the gracious Eye.

" But previously, what Work is made,

" In dressing me for this Parade?

" What Charge and Time to wash and trim in,

" Japan my Shoes, and shift my Linen:

" To change my Gown, more coarse than old,

" And hire a new one, to catch cold?

" Then should some Nobleman acknowledge

" Quondam Acquaintance in our College,

Mirabor vitæ via si conversa decebit.

Alter Miletî textam cane pejus & angue.

Vitabit Chlamydem, morietur frigore si non

Rettuleris pannum -----

" And

- “ And seeing, how I move at Court,
“ Not more for Friendship, than for Sport,
“ Swear, I’m the welcom’st Man alive,
“ And beg, I’ll dine with him at five.
“ What then? I go; and blefs the Meat,
“ And hasten to devour, not eat.
“ While Madam carves enough to cloy me,
“ And all, who see me feed, *enjoy* me.
“ Then, Doctor, what d’ye drink? There’s Wine
“ From the *Garonne*, *Moselle*, and *Rhine*,
“ Pale, and deep *Burgundy*, *Champagne*,
“ *Tockay*, and the whole Growth of *Spain*.
“ The Butler takes his Cue to fill,
“ Nor leaves my Glas one Moment still;
“ Till by Variety, and Plenty
“ Of sprightly Liquors, quite unbent, I

- " Offer at Jests, a Jest am made,
" Run Riot first, then run a Head;
" So homeward, in a Hackney, rock,
" And hear the Watch-man's, *One-a-Clock*,
" This is Court Life! Then who will chuse it?
" Be it my Glory to refuse it;
" May I still live, where no such Clutter is,
" On Colledge Commons, and the Butteries;
" Dine before Twelve, and sup at Six,
" The plain old way, without high *quéques*;
" Wear any Clothes, I please to put on,
" Tho' torn, and greasier than my Mutton;
-

----- namque
Mordacem Cynicum sic eludebat, ut aiunt,
Scurror ego ipse mihi; populo tu -----
Si pranderet olus patienter, regibus uti
Nollet Aristippus -----

" Wash,

" Wash, shave, and shift, one Day in seven,
 " And smoke my Pipe, from Morn to Even.
 " Thus uncontroul'd, at Bed and Board;
 " I strut, and revel like a Lord;
 " Envy no Courtier's cleaner Store,
 " And neither want, nor wish for more;
 " Nor would I change—— " Amen, I cry,
 Wallow, good Pig, in thy own Sty;
 And caring for thy self alone,
 Live to the World, an useless Drone.

But, *Savage*, you know better Things:
 First, what Respect is due to Kings;

——— morietur frigore, si non
 Rettuleris pannum; refer, & sine vivat ineptus.
 ——— Si sciret Regibus uti,
 Fastidiret olus, qui me notat: utrius horum
 Verba probes, & facta, doce. ———

And

And that to give 'em the good Day,
 Is the least Homage, you can pay.
 Beside, the Mode of every Nation,
 Has giv'n such Sanction to the Fashion,
 That all Men, e'en to Royal Race,
 Have never thought it a Disgrace,
 Nor Slavery, nor want of Sense,
 T'attend the Levee of their Prince.
 And what great Demagogue are you,
 That would refuse so small a Due?
 You should be proud, to think, your King
 May see you, in so bright a Ring.

Next as to Dress, what there can hurt ye?

No Man that loves himself is dirty;

———— vel junior audi,
 Cur sit Aristippi potior sententia ———

And

And the same Work and Cost you make

To wash your Face for your own sake,

Sets you at Court in better Light,

Than *Phormio's* borrow'd Red and White.

And as to Clothes, tho' They, who know,

What various Colours dye the Bow,

Can best describe, what Lights and Shades,

In Taffetas, and in Brocades,

Enrich the Circle, when it pays

The Complement, of *many Days*:

All this affects not your Apparel,

You and your Taylor cannot quarrel,

That he has mist the newest Mode;

This Arm is short; that Cuff too broad.

Cardinals will indeed have Flaps,

And Heels as Scarlet as their Caps;

Pearl Hatbands, Lace, and Gold Clock Hosiery;
 But *English* Prelates arn't such Beaux
 To change their Colours; or to wear
 More Gold, than what their Gloves will bear.
 Their Robe is black, and the same Fashion,
 Serves Gowns of ev'ry Ordination;
 Unless the *Sorbon*, or *Geneve*,
 Make a Distinction in the Sleeve;
 But to what Purpose? Who at Court;
 Regards the Sleeve, if long, or short?
 Or thinks, that Principle, not Ease;
 Creates that Difference in Dress?
 And therefore, when th'Apartment is ope,
 All Clerks, from Deacon to Archbishop,

Alter purpureum non expectabit amictum.
 Quidlibet indutus celeberrima per loca vadet.

Country;

Countrey or Town Divines go in,
And He is fine, that's whole and clean.

Lastly, you dread not the Formality,
Of dining with a Man of Quality,
But look the Haughtiest in the Face,
And as you're bidden, take your Place:

Regardless how you give an Ear
To any Thing you need not hear;
Nor liable to fall in Wrath,
At small Reflections on your Cloth:
For such may happen, tho' the End
Be more to try you, than offend:

As a fam'd * Chaplain once, 'tis said,
Rose by a Repartee he made.

* Sprat *Bishop of Rochester.*

Personamque feret non inconcinnus utramque.

So make fit Answers, as you may;
 Or begin first, and turn the Play:
 At all Adventures bear a Jest,
 That He, who call'd you to the Feast
 May oft invite his welcome Guest.

And sure such Practice with the Great,
 And frequently, must have it's Weight.
 For even high Desert will fail,
 If Grandees do not hoist its Sail;
 And Boats which have no Ballast, ride,
 If They assist, 'gainst Wind and Tide.
 Nay some, tho' they, like you, have found
 Their own poor Vessels, still aground;
 Have thence had Means, to help their Friends,
 And serv'd a many useful Ends.

Si prodesse Tuis, paulloque benignius ipsam
 Te tractare voles; accedes siccus ad unctum.

When

When therefore, you're in Duty bound,
 Take Care your Aim be many a Pound;
 And He, of Figure in the Nation,
 To whom you owe the Obligation.
 Favours from thence, may prove so great,
 They over-pay the Time you wait;
Volumes of Books, for learned Leisure,
A well-bred Mare, to ride with Pleasure;
 And, what a constant Feast affords,
 Kind welcome, chearful Looks, soft Words;
 Steady Attempts, to do you good,
 All that he can, and more he wou'd.

I know you are too wise to hope,
 He will, or can create you Pope;

— Rectius hoc, &
 Splendidus multo est, equus ut me portet, alat Rex,
 Officium facio tu poscis villia, verum es
 Dante minor quamvis Te fers nullius egentem.

Or Cardinal, who ranks with Kings,
 (The Reformation clipt those Wings)
 Nor will it suit with ev'ry Face,
 To look like, and be call'd his Grace;
 But then, 'tis plain, any Lawn-Sleeve will
 Battle as well, World, Flesh, and Devil,
 As *Lambeth*; which no Clerks so well see,
 As who from *Fulham* look, or *Chelsea*;
 And yet, ev'n thence, no Aim is right,
 Unless Sir *Robert* guide the Sight.

But is it not some Consolation,
 That Great Men wish you in high Station?
 And you're as ready, to receive it,
 As any Prince on Earth to give it?

Res gerere & captos ostendere Civibus hostes,
 Attingit folium Jovis & Cœlestia tentat.
 Principibus placuisse Viris non ultima laus est
 Non cuivis homini contigit adire Corinthum.

For

For tho' requir'd, that every Priest
 Should say for once, and that in Jest,
Nolo, My Liege, Episcopari,
 As Maidens cry they will not marry;
 Yet often, and in sober Sadness,
 What Saying would be stronger Madness?
 To blame the Burthen of his Mitre;
 And oh! the Weight, was it but lighter!
 As if there was a Back, so weak,
 An Ounce of Gravity could break;
 Or ev'ry Person, was not fit
 For all Preferment, he can get:

*Sedit qui timuit ne non succederet: Esto:
 Quid? Qui pervenit, fecit ne viriliter? Atqui
 Hic est, aut nusquam quod quærimus. Hic onus horret
 Ut parvis animis & parvo corpore majus:
 Hic subit, & perfert. Aut virtus nomen inane est
 Aut decus & pretium recti petit experiens vir.*

Or

Or he didn't lose a Post, with Credit,
Who strove hard for it, not who fled it.

For Instance, if the Head of Trinity,
Exclusive of the Chair Divinity,
Should suffer the long-wish'd Disgrace,
Would not you try, to fill his Place ;
And think your self, fit to succeed him,
If with less Learning, yet more Breeding.

Or should the Master of the Charter,
To his long Asthma fall a Martyr ;
Because one *Burnet*, of great Note,
Presided there, and Volumes wrote ;
Could that a Difficulty bring,

In being Successor to K—g?

Or, to descend to lower Game,
Should *Westminster* your darling Theme,

Who

Who suckled you, and to whose Use

You dedicate an annual Muse,

Present you with a vacant Stall,

Tho' *Evan, Gee, or Barker* fall;

Would loss of Them, abate your Rapture,

At taking of a Place in Chapter?

These may be ask'd for, but the Task

Is, that you don't appear to ask;

But hint so distant, that when done,

Your Patron thinks the Work his Own:

And you receive it, with Surprise,

As tho' you scarce believ'd your Eyes:

And oh! his Goodness, to descend

Unfought, to be so great a Friend!

Beside, it is so known a Cant,

For Parsons to complain of Want,

" Their

“ Their Livings small, Expences large,

“ Relations to increase the Charge,

“ Houses new built, and Church-Estates,

“ Which can't be sold, to pay their Debts:

That such Complaints, seem Words of Course,

And some Back-friend, may make 'em worse,

Bidding, My Lord, observe your Cheek,

And can He want, that looks so sleek?

This too is certain; feed at Door

One Beggar, and I call on more;

And he, who sees you stoop toth' Ground,

Cries *Halves*, to ev'ry Thing you've found.

Coram Rege suo de paupertate tacentes
 Plus poscente ferent, distat sumasne pudenter,
 An rapias. Atqui rerum caput hoc erat, hic fons,
 Indotata mihi soror est, paupercula mater,
 Et fundus nec vendibilis, nec pascere firmus,
 Qui dicit, clamat, Victum date, succinit alter,
 Et mihi dividuo findatur munere quadra.

The

The next Rule is, when bid to eat,
 Tho' it be roast, ne'er cry your Meat.
 Many a Man has lost a Place,
 By bragging, e'er the Signet pass;
 An older Promise, greater Merit,
 High Birth, nay Threats from Men of Spirit,
 Have interfer'd, to stop the Blessing,
 Was triumph'd over, e'er possessing.

This one Thing more, and I have done,
 Never look back, when you've begun
 Your Court: A Minister of State
 Allows no Followers, to debate
 His Orders, nor admits Delay;
 But bids you in one Word, Obey.

At tacitus pasci fit posset Corvus, haberet
 Plus dapis, & rixæ multo minus, invidiæque.

E

Then,

Then, whether you set Sail, or ride;
 Embark'd, ne'er wait for Wind, or Tide:
 Or if on Horseback, post away,
 No Matter, whether Night, or Day;
 In Rain, or Hail, through Frost and Snow,
 Mountain or Valley, Bog or Slough,
 O'er Hedge and Ditch, o'er Gate and Stile,
 Attend him the most weary Mile,
 Complain not of your sorry Horse,
 Nor cry, no mortal Man, rides worse;
 But thick or thin, or sink or swim,
 Renounce all Terroure, but of Him.

Brundisium comes, aut Surrentum ductus amœnum
 Qui queritur salebras, & acerbum frigus & imbres
 Aut cistam effractam, aut subducta viatica plorat.

In dirty Work, some have the Nonsense,
 To plead their Honour, or their Conscience;
 But what can give that Man pretence
 To Honour, who has touch'd the Pence?
 Whence can his Conscience feel a Pain,
 But from desire of greater Gain?
 A common Prostitute, P—x on her,
 Talk of her Conscience and her Honour?
 The Bite may take, with some raw Cit,
 Who more abounds in Wrath, than Wit;
 And her feign'd Coyneſs raiſe the Coſt,
 Of what ſhe, long ago, has loſt;
 But who at Court, don't know her Ways?
 Or credits any Word ſhe ſays?

Nota refert meretricis acumina, sæpe catellam
 Sæpe Perifcelidem raptam ſibi ſlentis: uti mox
 Nulla fides damnis veriſque doloribus adſit.

Yet

Yet the worst relish'd of Excuses,
 Is, what the new-made Convert uses;
 " What no Gradation? must I run
 " Counter, at once, to all I've done?
 " In one short Moment, leave i'th' Lurch,
 " Old Friends, old Principles, and Church?
 Ay; or no Quarter to be had;
 Should the *Whigs* hear you, they'd run mad;
 Each little Cur, would yelp, my Lord,
 " I told you, not to take his Word;
 " No not his Oath; he talks with Those,
 " Who are the Nation's, and your Foes;
 " His Zeal to serve, is a false Story,
 " You'll find him in his Heart a *Tory*.

Nec semel irrisus, triviis attollere curat
 Fracto crure planum; licet illi plurima manet
 Lacryma; per sanctum juratus dicat Osirim,
 Credite: non ludo; crudeles, tollite claudum,
 Quære peregrinum: Vicinia rauca rereclamat.

F I S.



